

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, mother and wife to Martius:  
They set them downe on two lowe stools and sowe.

Volum. I pray you daughter sing, or expresse your selfe in a more comfortable sort: If my Sonne were my Husband, I should freelier reioyce in that absence wherein he wonne Honor, then in the embracements of his Bed, where he would shew most loue. When yet hee was but tender-bodied, and the onely Sonne of my womb; when youth with comelinesse pluck'd all gaze his way; when for a day of Kings entreaties, a Mother should not sel him an houre from her beholding; I considering how Honour would become such a person, that it was no better then Picture-like to hang by th' wall, if renowne made it not firme, was pleas'd to let him seeke danger, where he was like to finde fame: To a cruell Warre I sent him, from whence he return'd, his browes bound with Oake. I tell thee Daughter, I sprang not more in ioy at first hearing he was a Man-child, then now in first seeing he had proued himselfe a man.

Virg. But had he died in the Businesse Madame, how then?

Volum. Then his good report should haue bene my Sonne, I therein would haue found issue. Heare me profess sincerely, had I a dozen sons each in my loue alike, and none lesse deere then thine, and my good Martius, I had rather had eleuen dye Nobly for their Countrey, then one voluptuously surfeit out of Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Virg. Beseech you giue me leaue to retire my selfe.

Volum. Indeed you shall not:

Me thinks, I heare hither your Husbands Drumme: See him plucke *Aufidius* downe by th' haire: (As children from a Beare) the *Volces* shunning him: Me thinks I see him stampe thus, and call thus, Come on you Cowards, you were got in feare Though you were borne in Rome; his bloody brow With his mail'd hand, then wiping, forth he goes Like to a Haruest man, that task'd to mowe Or all, or loose his hyre.

Virg. His bloody Brow? Oh Iupiter, no blood.

Volum. Away you Foole; it more becomes a man

Then gilt this Trophe. The breits of *Hecuba*

When she did suckle *Hector*, look'd not louelier

Then *Hectors* forehead, when it spit forth blood

At Grecian sword. Contending, tell *Valeria*

We are fit to bid her welcome. Exit Gent.

Vir. Heavens blesse my Lord from fell *Aufidius*.

Vol. Hee'l beat *Aufidius* head below his knee,

And treade vpon his necke.

Enter *Valeria* with an *Vsher*, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madame,

Vir. I am glad to see your Ladyship.

Val. How do you both? You are manifest house-keepers. What are you sowing heere? A fine spotte in good faith. How does your little Sonne?

Vir. I thanke your Ladyship: Well good Madame.

Vol. He had rather see the fowles, and heare a Drum, then looke vpon his Schoolmaster.

Val. A my word the Fathers Sonne: He sweare 'tis a very pretty boy. A my troth, I look'd vpon him a Wednesday halfe an houre together: ha's such a confirm'd coun-

tenance. I saw him run after a gilded Butterfly, & when he caught it, he let it go againe, and after it againe, and whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, hee did so set his teeth, and teare it. Oh, I warrant how he mammockt it.

Vol. One on's Fathers moods.

Val. Indeed la, tis a Noble childe.

Virg. A Cracke Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery, I must haue you play the idle Huswife with me this afternoone.

Virg. No (good Madam)

I will not out of doores.

Val. Not out of doores?

Volum. She shall the shall.

Virg. Indeed no, by your patience; He not ouer the threshold, till my Lord returne from the Warres.

Val. Fye, you confine your selfe most vnreasonably:

Come, you must go visit the good Lady that lies in.

Virg. I will with her speedy strength, and visit her

with my prayers: but I cannot go thither.

Volum. Why I pray you,

Virg. 'Tis not to faue labour, nor that I want loue.

Val. You would be another *Penelope*; yet they say, all the yeaerne she spun in *Ulysses* absence, did but fill *Athica* full of Mothes. Come, I would your Cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leaue pricking it for pittie. Come you shall go with vs.

Vir. No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not forth.

Val. In truth la go with me, and He tell you excellent newes of your Husband.

Virg. Oh good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not left with you: there came newes

from him last night.

Vir. Indeed Madame.

Val. In earnest it's true; I heard a Senatour speake it. Thus it is: the *Volces* haue an Army forth, against who *Cominius* the Generall is gone, with one part of our Roman power. Your Lord, and *Titus Lartius*, are set down before their Citie *Corioles*, they nothing doubt pretailing, and to make it breefe Warres. This is true on mine Honor, and so I pray go with vs.

Virg. Giue me excuse good Madame, I will obey you in euery thing heereafter.

Vol. Let her alone Ladie, as she is now:

She will but diseafe our better mirth.

Valeria. In troth I thinke she would:

Fare you well then. Come good sweet Ladie.

Prythee *Virgilia* turne thy solemnesse out a doore,

And go along with vs.

Virgill. No

At a word Madame; Indeed I must not,

I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. Exit Ladies

Enter *Martius*, *Titus Lartius*, with Drumme and Colours, with Captaines and Soldiers, as before the Citie *Coriolanus*: to them a Messenger.

Martius. Yonder comes Newes:

A Wager they haue met.

Lar. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lar. Agreed. My.

Mar. Say, ha's our Generall met the Enemy?

Mess. They lye in view, but haue not spoke as yet.

Lar. So, the good Horse is mine.

Mar. He buy him of you.

Lar. No, He nor sel, nor giue him: Lend you him I will

For halfe a hundred yeares: Summon the Towne.

Mar. How farre off lie these Armies?

Mess. Within this mile and halfe.

Mar. Then shall we heare their Latum, & they Ours.

Now Mars, I prythee make vs quicke in worke,

That we with smoaking swords may march from hence

To helpe our fielded Friends: Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a Parley: Enter two Senators with others on the Walles of *Coriolanus*.

*Tullius Aufidius*, is he within your Walles?

Senat. No, nor a man that feares you lesse then he,

That's lesse then a little Drum a farre off.

Hearke, our Drumme

Are bringing forth our youth: Wee'l breake our Walles

Rather then they shall pound vs vp our Gates,

Which yet seeme shut, we haue but pin'd with Rushes,

They're open of themselves. Harke you, farre off

Alarum farre off.

There is *Aufidius*. Lift what worke he makes

Amongst your clouen Army.

Mar. Oh they are at it.

Lar. Their noise be our instruction, Ladders ho.

Enter the Army of the *Volces*.

Mar. They feare vs not, but issue forth their Citie.

Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight

With hearts more prooue then Shields.

Aduance braue *Titus*,

They do disdain vs much beyond our Thoughts,

which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on my fellows

He that retires, He take him for a *Volce*,

And he shall feele mine edge.

Alarum, the Romans are beat back to their Trenches

Enter *Martius* (singing).

Mar. All the contagion of the South, light on you,

You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues

Plaster you o're, that you may be abhor'd

Farther then scene, and one infect another

Against the Winde a mile: you foules of Geese,

That beare the shapes of men, how haue you run

From Slaues, that Apes would beate; *Pluto* and Hell,

All hurt behinde, backes red, and faces pale

With flight and agued feare, mend and charge home,

Or by the fires of heauen, He leaue the Foe,

And make my Warres on you: Looke too't: Come on,

If you'l stand fast, wee'l beate them to their Wiues,

As they vs to our Trenches followes.

Another Alarum, and *Martius* followes them to

gates, and is shot in.

So, now the gates are open: now proue good Seconds,

'Tis for the followers Fortune, widens them,

Not for the flyers: Marke me, and do the like.

Enter the Citi.

1. Sol. Foole-hardinesse, not I.

2. Sol. Nor I.

1. Sol. See they haue shut him in. Alarum continues

All. To th' pot I warrant him. Enter *Titus Lartius*

Tit. What is become of *Martius*?

Al. Slaine (Sir) doubtlesse.

1. Sol. Following the Flyers at the very heeles,

With them he enters: who vpon the fodaine

Clapt to their Gates, he is himselfe alone,

To answer all the City.

Lar. Oh Noble Fellow!

Who sensibly out-dares his sencelesse Sword,

And when it bowes, stand'st vp: Thou art left *Martius*,

A Carbuncle intire: as big as thou art

Weare not so rich a Jewell. Thou was't a Souldier

Euen to *Calues* wish, not fierce and terrible

Onely in strokes, but with thy grim lookes, and

The Thunder-like percussion of thy sounds

Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the World

Were Feauorous, and did tremble.

Enter *Martius* bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

1. Sol. Looke Sir,

Lar. O 'tis *Martius*.

Let's fetch him off, or make remaine alike.

They fight, and all enter the City.

Enter certaine Romans with spoiles.

1. Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

2. Rom. And I this.

3. Rom. A Murrain on't, I tooke this for Silver. *exunt*.

Alarum continues still a farre off.

Enter *Martius*, and *Titus* with a Trumpet.

Mar. See heere these mowers, that do prize their hours

At a crack'd Drachme: Cushions, Leaden Spooles,

Irons of a Doit, Dublets that Hangmen would

Bury with those that wore them. These base slaues,

Ere yet the fight be done, packe vp, downe with them.

And harke, what noyse the Generall makes: To him

There is the man of my foules hate, *Aufidius*,

Piercing our Romanes: Then Valiant *Titus* take

Conuenient Numbers to make good the City,

Whil'st I with those that haue the spirit, wil haste

To helpe *Cominius*.

Lar. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st,

Thy exercise hath bin too violent,

For a second course of Fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:

My worke hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:

The blood I drop, is rather Physicall

Then dangerous to me: To *Aufidius* thus, I will appear

Lar. Now the faire Goddess Fortune, (and fight.

Fall deepe in loue with thee, and her great charmes

Misguide thy Opposers swords, Bold Gentleman:

Prosperity be thy Page.

Mar. Thy Friend no lesse,

Then those she placeth highest: So farewell.

Lar. Thou worthiest *Martius*,

Go found thy Trumpet in the Market place,

Call thither all the Officers a th' Towne,

Where they shall know our minde. Away. *Exeunt*

Enter *Cominius* as it were in retire, with soldiers.

Com. Breath you my friends, wel fought, we are come

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands, (off,

Nor Cowardly in retyre: Beleeue me Sirs,

We shall be charg'd againe. Whiles we haue strooke

By Interims and conueying gusts, we haue heard

The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods,

Leade their successes, as we wish our owne,

That both our powers, with smiling Fronts encountering,

May giue you thankfull Sacrifice. Thy Newes?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Cittizens of *Corioles* haue yssued,

And giuen to *Lartius* and to *Martius* Battaille: